

THE NATIONAL ERA.

L. P. NOBLE, PUBLISHER.

G. BAILEY, JUN., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; J. G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS.

VOL. II.

The National Era is Published Weekly, on Seventh Street, opposite the Patent Office.
TERMS.
Two dollars per annum, payable in advance.
Advertisements not exceeding ten lines inserted three times for one dollar; every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, JULY 10, 1848.

For the National Era.
STRAY LEAVES
FROM
MARGARET SMITH'S DIARY
IN THE
COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

[CONTINUED]

Argonauts, Sept. 10.—I do find myself truly comfortable at this place. My two cousins, Polly and Thankful, are both young, unmarried women, very kind and pleasant, and, since my Newbury friends left, I have been learning of these many things pertaining to housekeeping, albeit I am still but a poor scholar. Uncle is marshal of the Province, which takes him much from home, and aunt, who is a sickle woman, keeps much in her chamber, so that the affairs of the household and of the plantation do mainly rest upon the young women. If ever I get back to Hilton Grange again, I shall have tales to tell of my baking and brewing, of my pumpkin pies, and bread made of the flour of the Indian corn; yes, more, of gathering of the wild fruit in the woods, and cranberries in the meadows, milking the cows, and looking after the pigs and barn-yard fowls. Then too, we have had manie pleasant little journeys, by water and on horseback, young Mr. Jordan, of Spurwick, who hath asked Polly in marriage going with us. A right comely youth he is, but a great churchman, as might be expected, his father being the minister of the Black Point people, and verie bitter towards the Massachusetts, and its clergy and Government. My Uncle, who meddles little with church matters, thinks him a hopeful young man, and not an ill suitor for his daughter. He hath been in England for his learning, and is accounted a scholar, but, although intended for the Church service, he inlineth more to the life of a planter, and taketh the charge of his father's plantation at Spurwick. Polly is not beautiful and gracefull like Rebecca Rawson, but she hath freshness of youth and health, and a certain good-heartedness of look and voice, and a sweetnes of temper, which doth command her in the eyes of all. Thankful is older by some years, and, if not as cheerful and merrie as her sister, it needs not be marvelled at, since one who she loved was killed in the Narragansett country two years ago. Oh, these bloodie Warrens! There be few in these Eastern provinces who have not been called to mourn the loss of some near and deare friend, soe that a truth the land mourns.

Sep't 10.—Meeting much disturbed yesterday, a ranting Quaker coming in and sitting with his hat on in sermon time, humming and groaning, and rocking his bole to and fro like one possessed. After a time he got up, and pronounced a great woe upon the priests, calling them mankind's names, and declaring that the whole land stank with their hypocrisy. Uncle spake sharply to him, and bid him hold his peace, but he only cried out the louder. Some young men took hold of him, and carried him out. They brought him along close to the sea, he hanging like a bag of meal, with his eyes shut, as ill-favored a bole as I ever beheld. The magistrates had him smartly whipped this morning, and sent out of the jurisdiction. I was told he was no true Quaker, for, although a noise, hanging nanger on their meetings, he is not in fellowship with the more sober and discreet of that people.

Rebecca writes me that the witchcraft in William Noyes' house is much talked of, and that Caleb Powell hath been complained of as the wizard. Mr. Jordan the elder says he doth in no wise marvel at the Devil's power in the Massachussets, since at his instigation the rulers and ministers of the Colonie have set themselves against the true and Gospel order of the Church, and doth slander and persecute all who will not worship at their conventicles.

A Mr. Van Valken, a young gentleman of Dutch descent, and the agent of Sir Edmund Andros, of the Duke of York's territory, is now in this place, being entertained by Mr. Godfrey, the late Deputy Governor. He brought a letter for me from Aunt Rawson, whom he met in Boston. He is a learned, serious man, hath travelled a good deal, and hath an air of high breeding. The minister here thinks him a Papist, and a Jesuit, especially as he hath not called upon him nor been to the meeting. He goes soon to Pemquid, to take charge of that Fort and trading station, which have greatly suffered by the Warre.

Sep't 10.—Yesterday, Cousin Polly and myself, with young Mr. Jordan, went up to the top of the Mountain, which is some miles from the harbor. It is not hard to climb in respect to steepness, but it is so tangled with bushes and vines that one can scarce break through them. The open places were yellow with Golden Rods, and the pale asters were plenty in the shade and by the side of the brooks, that with pleasure noise did leap down the hill. When we got upon the top, which is bare and rocky, we had a fair view of the coast, with its many windings and its islands, from the Cape Ann, near Boston, to the Cape Elizabeth, near Casco, the Piscataqua and Agawam rivers, and awhile in the Northwest we could see the peaks of mountains, looking like summer clouds, or banks of grey fog. These mountains lie manie leagues off in the wilderness, and are said to be exceeding lofty.

But I must needs speak of the color of the woods which did greatly amaze me, as unlike anything I had ever seen in old England. As far as mine eyes could look, the mighty wilderness, under a bright western Sun, and stirred by a gentle wind, did seem like a garden in its season of flowering; green, dark and light, orange and pale yellow, and crimson leaves, mingling and interweaving their various hues, in a manner truly wonderful. It is owing, I am told, to the sudden frost which in this climate doth smite the vegetation in its full life and greenness, so that, in the space of a few days, the colors of the leaves are marvellously changed, and brightened. The tint did remind me of the status of the windows of old churches, and of rich tapestry. The maples were all flame with crimson, the walnuts were orange, the hickories and oaks were wall-nigh black; while the slender birches, with their pale yellow leaves, seemed painted upon them as pictures are laid upon a dark ground. I gazed until mine eyes grew weary, and a sense of the wondrous beauty of the visible creation, and of God's great goodness to the Children of men, therin did not unmingle, and I said in mine heart, with one of old: "Oh, Lord! how manifold are thy works: in wisdom hast thou made them all; and the earth is full of thy riches."

Oct. 10.—Mr. Van Valken, the Dutchman, had before Mr. Rishworth, one of the Commissioners of the Province, charged with being a Papist and a Jesuit. He bore himself, I am told, haughty enough, denying the right to call him in question, and threatening the inference of his friend and ruler, Sir Edmund, on account of the wrong done him. My Uncle and others did testify that he was a civil and courteous gentleman, not intermeddling with matters of a reli-

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1848.

NO. 80.

KINGS AND QUEENS; or Life in the Palace. By John S. Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This volume contains Historical Sketches of Josephine and Maria Luisa, Louis Philippe, Ferdinand of Austria, Nicholas, Isabella II, Leopold, and Victoria. It is what people call a readable book. The sketches are animated, and the author shows much tact in bringing out the strong points of his subjects, and grouping incidents and anecdotes in such a way as to illustrate peculiarities of character, and suggest apt reflections. The portrait of the illustrious but unhappy Josephine is drawn with great skill, and the poor-spirited Maria Luisa is happily used to heighten by contrast the effect of the picture.

The following account of the Divorce of Josephine, an act which stamps the memory of Napoleon with infamy, will be read with interest. If the motive to this act were the desire to found a dynasty, or ally himself with ancient Royalty, the fact proves that the greatest of conquerors could be as weak as the meanest.

Reviews of the Divorce of Josephine.

Reviews

